My Christmas Story

Somehow my parents knew a family as poor as we once had been. Visited Christmas afternoon, after my tearing open innumerable gifts, including a tripod-mounted machine gun which spat out sparks.

While the parents hoisted a few to the coming year, I played with the boy. He had received two gifts, toy cars, a blue and a red.

*You must be a racer guy and I'm another racer guy who...*ran the script along with sound effects and real crashes.

Minor disagreements followed, but patched up for the game's sake.

All in all, though, we got along, and when adult conversation was finally ditched in order for my parents to leave, I was still charged up from the action with my new friend.

He tried giving me one of the cars, my choice.